

Royal Tombs, as reported in *THE BUILDER* of Saturday last? I had intended to have fairly stated the case in a concise form for both sides, expressing an opinion on neither; but having become alarmed at tokens from the chair that I was occupying too much time, stopped without having done equal justice to both sides of the question. I did, however, say, beyond what is contained in your report, that it might fairly be asked on the restoration side, whether it is reasonable that the duration of the monuments of kings, such as the sainted Edward and the heroes of Cressy and Agincourt, should depend solely on the durability of a very bad description of English marble and of perishable Reigate stone; and I find in a memorandum I had made beforehand of my intended concise statement of the conflicting views, that I intended to have added (but in my hurry omitted to do so) the following also as a fair inquiry on the same side:—"Are we to lose for ever some of the finest works of these interesting periods, from a too romantic feeling which prefers the identity of a stone to the preservation of the art expended upon it, and the history it commemorates?" With this intended addition my statement might, though imperfect, have been pretty fairly balanced: as it stands it seems a statement of one view only, which was contrary to my intention. I may add, that though my own views on the subject are by no means matured, I believe the truth to lie somewhere between the two extreme views of the case. As a nation, I believe we are morally bound to perpetuate the royal monuments, while, as antiquaries, we instinctively shrink from touching them. The question before the Institute, a question as grave as it is perplexing, is whether this duty and these feelings can be reconciled. It is not a question to be answered by "yes" or "no," but one involving, as you so clearly show, the most careful and unprejudiced investigation. GEO. GILBERT SCOTT.

NOTES OF AN ARCHITECT IN SPAIN.*

THE Patios, or courtyards, in the south, are mostly arcaded, with a fountain in the centre, and, with an awning above, form the ordinary summer apartment. Paintings and little nick-nacks are placed around, whilst lovely flowers and creeping plants scent the air and wind round the columns. Here, too, of an evening, the family receives its friends; and the merry laugh of girlhood, the tinkling of the guitar, and the clack of castanets make it a favourable specimen of the truly idle life of these merry southerners. At Cordova we were well content at the *Fonda de las Diligencias*, kept by a very civil Italian: we always bargained for a duro a day, but less will often be taken. I mention the inns as they are generally wretched. From Seville we went direct to Aranjuez: on the road, Alcala, an old Moorish castle; at Carmona, a tower like the Giralda, and very good; also some fine old Moorish sombre gateways. Town and castle situated on a rock, with a vast and grand view of Andalusia. In the foreground, great masses of wall-like rock and ruins of towers: this would be a good spot for a painter. About six miles from Cordova is a splendid bridge, one of the finest I ever saw. Ecija has a picturesque square, and some remarkable towers. Cordova, before described: between here and Aranjuez, nothing particular. In Spanish architecture sculpture usually takes the lead: one admires its fancy and execution more than the architecture. Herrera changed all that, however: he seldom even ornamented his mouldings: his works are thus bald, though massive: he was, in a way, the Sir Robert Smirke of Spain. These remarks apply to Italian art in Spain: the Gothic and Norman are often simple enough. After a long and most fatiguing journey, arrived at Aranjuez: from thence to Toledo: this city is magnificently placed on grand and lofty rocks, which in some streets form a rough pavement: it is girdled by the wild rushing Tagus, and is an old, noble, romantic city, full of strange and ancient buildings, and stranger legends. Imperial Toledo is cut out for an artist, for here is everything in the way of architecture and

scenery that he can desire: the bridges, spanning from jagged rock to rock, are very picturesque.

The Moorish remains here are frequent,—principally gateways and towers: there are two old synagogues, S. M. la Blanca, built in the ninth century, the most picturesque; and El Transito, much more modern, the most finished. The roofs are simple, and truncated—the tie-beams here (as usual) double, and rest on stone brackets. In neither of these remarkable buildings is there much for study or ornament: the frieze of the first is, however, very bold and curious. The cathedral had nothing particular externally, with the exception of tower and spire. The doors are indifferent, being a series of niches and figures carried round an arch of little invention and coarse workmanship. The interior is strong-looking and perhaps a little heavy, being quite the reverse of Seville, in having large, well-defined mouldings and pillars, in place of wiry stripes. It is not, however, so large or so solemn as Seville, being more lighted, and the side aisles are very low: still it is good, the character well kept up, and of a Norman caste. The architecture, which is either of this simple and early nature or very florid, is never so good as to be worthy of study—effective as usual; but this effect is gained more by sculpture, sudden contrasts, and light and shade, than by architecture. The rich chapel of Alvaro de Luna has some good tombs, especially two in centre, with recumbent figures, niches at sides, and kneeling figures at angles.

The Sala Capitulare deserves particular notice. The entrance has some good Moorish work, and richly carved wardrobes (cinque cento.) The Sala itself has undoubtedly the finest Italian ceiling I ever saw: it perhaps has too much gilding: in perspective it looks one mass of gold: it is flat on plan, with deeply sunk hexagon panels, bevelled off at juncture with wall, and continued beneath cornice, with paintings well suited to architecture, being carefully done and somewhat regularly grouped: without being so really good as the Siena room, it is much more rich and palatial-looking, and ranks with it as a model of internal decoration. The tombs here are numerous, but nothing very remarkable: the plateresque throughout is straggling, rough, and fantastic, very rich and spirited, but wanting in taste. The Coro is exceedingly richly worked, and the figures of upper part excellent, as are the finials and knob figures on seats below: these are grotesque and remarkably clever, in a sort of bastard Gothic. The architectural part is bad. The iron letter is excellent; so are the plateresque ones, fair in design, and excellently carved figures. The reja or iron rail of this part and before the high altar is of very elaborate Renaissance design, but clumsy and coarse, with some good bits, however. The stalls, carved in 1495, are good and interesting, containing subjects of the times, such as the siege of Granada, &c. The pulpits are squat, and the figures on them lanky and fly-away. Taken altogether, the cathedral forms a rich and suggestive museum of art. The cloisters are cheerful and well proportioned. The construction of the cathedral took place between 1226 and 1492, which accounts for the mixture of simple and florid Gothic.

St. Juan de los Reyes.—This conventual church, built by Ferdinand and Isabella circa 1500, though of bad Gothic externally and internally, has some remarkable and excellent parts: it is most elaborately sculptured and finely situated. The cloisters are very beautiful; florid Gothic, with niches and statues against the piers throughout the corridors. This building, with too many others, has suffered much during the French invasion. The Porta Cambron is picturesque-looking, and somewhat copied from the Porta Visagra: these gateways are generally pretty good. The Hospital de la Cruz, now a military college, has a wonderfully rich plateresque staircase and portal: Gothic here contends with the Revival, and works into it. The whole of the building is most picturesque, but most earnestly to be shunned. In this building, as usual, the broken-backed elliptical arch ruins

everything. The Hospital of San Juan, outside the town, has a good cinque-cento tomb, and a fine courtyard, two arcades high; architecture plain and pretty good. At the Hospital de la Cruz is a large room, square on plan, with piers springing from brackets at the angles, supporting semicircular arches, with groining and centre dome: a balustraded gallery runs round it, and it is a good model for a show-room: whether Renaissance or Gothic prevails it is difficult to say: the effect is excellent. The Alcazar is a large Bramante-like building, grand and impressive, square on plan, with square angle towers. The architecture (cinque cento) is less ornate than usual, and indeed rather petty, the projections being too slight: one side might be very good, but is spoilt with the fashionable depressed arch. The Moorish towers, of which there are many at Toledo, bear a striking resemblance to the Romanesque ones at Rome. The domestic architecture is massive and curious, the streets narrow, tortuous and hilly, and the whole character of the place sombre, strange, and solemn. The painted glass windows of cathedral are very good: three large circles, containing figure subjects, form a common design, and the mullions cut through them without injuring their effect: the most grotesque of the old Revival work may be used in designs of this character: the darkest colours should be beneath, growing lighter as they ascend: artificial effects may be gained by blocking up parts to render the rest more bright. The piers are very good, round on plan, with large circular mouldings throughout. Inn de los Caballeros, pretty good. As there is no direct road between here and Madrid, I was obliged to return *via* Aranjuez: arrived at Madrid, and, through the kindness of Mr. Donaldson, made the acquaintance of the architect Fuentes: he had nothing, however, beyond his own portfolios to show, for Madrid is devoid of interest. My attention was wholly engrossed by the magnificent gallery there, where alone Vandyke is to be judged of, and where the old Spanish painters stand out as truly great masters. From Madrid to Segovia, through a fine pine forest. Wild and rocky Segovia is a long-deserted old town, with antique curious houses, arches whose voussoirs are immense, and a number of Norman doorways.

The cathedral, though large and tolerable internally, deserves no especial notice: it is of the latest Gothic, very thin and bad. The general effect, however, from apais end is picturesque. There is a curious Renaissance house opposite the chief entrance with a picturesque patio: columns and brackets supporting an arcade, many and fully relieved busts in the frieze, and gargoyles in the cornice as at Seville Town Hall. The old street architecture is generally more interesting to the antiquarian than to the architect. There are many small Norman churches in the town, very good, the principal features being an open corridor of columns and arches, and a tower. The Parral convent is well worth visiting: it is in a dreadful state of decay, pigs being housed beneath rich vaultings and elaborate tracery. There are some good tombs inside: the cinque cento is coarse and straggling as usual: the Gothic is not bad, and very beautifully carved. The refectory has a rich pulpit, and truncated Moorish-looking ceiling: it is now a store-room for onions, &c. This convent, I am afraid, is irreparably ruined, used as barn, pigsty, store-house, &c. by an ignorant farmer: it is in such a broken battered condition as to be past hope. The Devil's Bridge, or Roman aqueduct, is a noble and imposing work, the finest I have ever seen: the greatest height of double arches must be I should say about 120 feet. A little way out of the town, are some half-dozen pointed arches, which appear to be of the same date as the rest, regular, clean, equilateral arches: they are curious, at least.

It may not be amiss to remark here, that the old Roman remains in Spain are very little known, and would well repay a good set of illustrations; for they are numerous, and by all accounts, very grand.* I. B. W.

* See p. 37, ante.

* To be continued.